

Distraction.. . .

Drizzle, pal sun
the ancient maker
incing o' tree stump
oblique sense of future vista

Raising the quill of the mind
he is a-drenched in the ivy before him

As if a she-bear passes with club foot
he penetrates whilst a perplexity is solvent

The sky rolls him onto the moss
heron transfixate from above
and their quick staring

sky fogs access
vista remains mere destinate

he records the banishing keys

Really?..

There were some green socks
They were passing the time with the purple socks
A passing vigilante triggered his bazooka at them
but a passing cup took the hit
and a peculiar hat ascended out of the carnage

...

A five pound note brisked off down a side alley
An actor gave chase politely while genetically mutating
into a mastermind contestant
The currency exchange token offered the actor some teeth cleaning
chewing gum
The old lady danced across the zebra crossing.

Some drama in the rose garden....

Four storm clouds had made their way in amongst the canopy of the
rose bushes, and since the purple watering can was taking a vacation,
the earthworms came up to ask for water.

The chief thundercloud barked some orders to the others, by firing a
few lightning bolts at some rose thorns. Soon the rose patch was
getting quite a soaking, and the plants began to jig to and fro' - and dig
their roots into the rainy areas, where the worms had left some handy
wormholes.

The gardener sat back in his deck chair, watching the rain dance, while
sipping at an elderflower cordial.

Nearby some dragonflies were chasing each other. One dragonfly
remarked to the other - 'I notice somebody reading this takes it for
mere fiction.'

Irony

As the people made their way cautiously past the group of arguing
philosophers in the town square - they exchanged wise glances
conveying that they were each aware of the meaningless nature of the
day's discussion - yet because of their lack of compassion for the
hypocritical intellectuals - in their vain controversial strivings, the
problems in their own personal views of the universe only worsened...

YEARNING

Go amicably amid the
noise and haste,
and remember what peace there may be in turbulence.
As much as possible, and without impatience,
be appreciative of all persons.
Speak your truth relevantly and boldly;
and listen to others,
even the rich and intelligent;
they too have their story.
Beware of self-satisfied and cowardly persons,
or they may desolate your spirit.
If you don't compare yourself with others,
your perspective may become delusional;
for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your present as well as your future.
Continue to develop your vision, however old you are;
it is the resource by which you can increase your freedom and
rest.
Exercise generosity in your business affairs;
for the world is full of greed.
But let this not blind you to what altruism there is;
many persons strive to realise their good hopes;
but then everywhere lives are full of angst.
Deny yourself.
Especially, do not pretend to love.
Neither be naive about love;
for in the face of all self-pity and loneliness
it is as hardy and ubiquitous as the weeds.
Take thankfully the counsel of the years,
happily consolidating the good things of youth.
Nurture submission of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
And do not frighten yourself with dark imaginings.
Many fears are encouraged by vanity and self-reliance.
By means of a wholesome discipline,
be gentle with yourself.
You are a creature of God,
and, no less than the gods and the angels,
your destiny is to become equal to it all.
And so then, whether or not you are presently comfortable,
no doubt everything will work together to make us all fully happy.
Therefore be at peace with God,
however impoverished your view of Him,
and whatever your efforts and desires,
in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your hopes.
With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams,
it is still a glorious universe.
Accept thankfulness.

Be happy.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

The One Who foreknew all the future, the Ancient One,
Richest in happiness, first to apprehend anything
Has perceived it all beforehand
And is running it through all over again
How would you like a bigger slice of His experience?
How would you like to share His thankful happiness and
contentment?
To access His unfolding blessing;
Cease hiding from His presence within you, turn to Him
And put Him in command of your every action...

DEPENDENCE AWARENESS

Floods of light hiding in the darkness
Colours indistinguishable within the grey
Shades of light unperceived in the brightness
Influential activities undetected within the universe
Our blindness defining us, we find awareness of our guiding light
As we learn to grope for the inner light switches
We await the unveiling of the hidden universe...

UNIVERSAL INITIATION

Happiness and sadness
Worthiness and unworthiness
Thankfulness and ingratitude

Pleasure and pain
Wealth and poverty
Growth and disease

Beauty and ugliness
Freedom and slavery
Truth and lies

CONSIDERATION ROLLS THE SNOWBALL

Considering my inner experience can be like rolling over my snowball

- picking up new thoughts from my surroundings.

Ruminating like a cow in the open field - I pick over my unsorted ideas,

evaluating by taste and so forming my attitudes.

Flinging out a fishing line of meditation into the ocean of eternity
- I await a revelation concerning the bait of my enquiry.

Brooding like a mother hen over some interesting imaginings

- I wait the emergence of some related observations, perceptions and knowledge.

Reflecting on the appreciations of the Lord,

I shed the skin of my old mind - like a snake....

ASPIRATION

As if I could kiss spring sunlight
as it filters through the fresh leaves
of a young horse-chestnut.

As if I could breathe the small clouds
scudding across the shining
blue dome above.

As if my eyes and skin could
ray forth fresh light in grateful reply
to the touch of midday sunlight.

As if with the agile dance of the
standing trees I could step
windward into the coming age

As if with the force of a hail storm
I could press through the membrane
of my cocoon...

MUTUAL AWARENESS

In the shadow of Your holiness
I make my heart steadfast
My gaze is lifted to the great Finish and Beginning
Eternity ringing in me as an infinite alarm bell
Down again my gaze must fall
New sap reaches me on God's Grapevine, new music a-stir in the
aether
And God's reflection smiles up at me, pushing me to new things...

FREEDOM REQUIRED

Conceived in sin
Dust landing where it can

From the inner darkness – too dark
Kicked out into the light – too bright

Grasped by a life too mighty to grasp
Paraded out into the universal cobweb

Injected with dreams of getting equal to it all

The storm erupts
Branches stretch skyward
Crows swoop and wheel, clouds swirling and breaking
Rain hammers the turf

A SEARCHING MEDITATION

My mind is looking for something random
Pictures whose shapes are dissimilar
And patterns that are continually different

My mind is listening for something complex
Sounds that don't have much rhyme
And rhythm that continually changes

Where symmetry is rare
And the sequences don't repeat or reverse

JUSTICE FOR THE POOR

Jesus lies on a hillside, on His front - hands by his head
- He looks to the right, resting his head on stone.
...A stream trickles by to his left
He intercedes for the world
With God he bargains
... Freedom from debt interest,
... Livelihood for the poor
... Fairer trade prices,
... Efficient trade
... A new world system...

INNER PERSPECTIVE

Searching the invisible inner perceptions
Of the transcending realities in our existence.
The inner realm reveals the negotiations of the various wills.
The mind invisibly contrasts and compares, fixing the relevance
Of each new experience into a hierarchy of the beings sensed
within.
The story of the unfolding relationships being interpreted
According to the mysterious metric of infinite love,
Which appeals in the consciousness - dancing about...
In its clowning seriousness, jumping between riches and poverty,
Frantically compelling the attentions of the conscience -
Forcing the outer shell of the visible things
To function as a dynamic conduit of increasingly profound
significances...

STAUNCH

Watching and waiting for maturity and consummation
Mustering contentment I tread through the desolation
Reminding myself that all injustice paid me will be fairly rewarded

Who needs my self? – Least of all me
Here is my cross of pacifism and the neglecting of past failure
Where is the Love in me leading towards my day of reckoning?

I have to grasp the fire of godliness and fill my spirit
I must release the fountain of holy waters in me
I will die again to find my life

Heaven's kingdom will keep me humble and patient
Asking for generosity, seeking for truth, knocking for freedom
Mere trying must lead to continual success

Thankfully rejoicing in our best happiness that lies ahead,
Thankful for our present happiness and sadness,
Remembering what was good in our past

Attentions inspire apprehensions
Apprehensions develop sense processing
Sense processing leads to decisions
Decisions form intentions
Intentions beget tryings
Tryings make doings

And through the negotiations of our minds
Individualism's day is transformed into shared experience

JESUS REQUIRES

Hey-man! Alright!
You're doing fine
Good to see you again
I knew you would recognise me
After such an interesting interval
You know me from just any old guy
And you can see that I'm feeling harder up
So don't wait to be asked, give what's mine
And you'll be blessed for a time

CONTENTMENT

Seeing the breeze lift plant stems and tree leaves
I feel eager that I could breathe commands to the air
To move the scene with some sublime choreography

The winter air is damp and still
Silence enshrouds the occasional sounds

In the greyed hues of the scene two gulls fly by
The trees stand expectant of the coming orchestrations of the
wind

I am waiting too, warm behind my window
- For what?
For the growing of the wet grass below?
For the white sky to darken?
For another flight of starlings?

A crow arrives, a man walks past...
...I seem to be waiting for more contentment...

Watching the river from the shade
Fast parts chasing slow parts
Dragonfly traverses the area
Water reflecting sunlight onto the overhanging trees
Two butterflies perform a double-helix
Tea, black, no sugar

A dark corner contains a bowl of shiny fruit
An ancient mangle painted with sun and shade
A young tree forcing out blossom
Heavy ocean tugged by wind explodes on a beach
A narrow path reaches a highway
The weather moves stately and sublime across the land
At the quarry, the ring of hammers
At home, I rest, digesting, fruit bowl empty

A man, high-stepping it up a mountain pass
A pigeon pacing it out overhead
A dolphin strides beside a boat
A squirrel snaking through a wood
A tortoise parades upon a bridge
A thousand tigers swim across a garden

- Dolphins hum-whistle -
A double rainbow scatters light
A jet roars overhead
A canopy of birds scream at each other
A cactus shimmers in the heat
A key turns in the lock
A student puts his pen down
A rabbit darts into a hole

Orang-outang hangs limp - but taut
Breeze changes direction
Orang-outang falls - and lands like butter
A bird makes off
The forest stirs like the ocean...

Late spring, gambolling home after dark...
Shiny rain-dampened streets
Mist making sound muffled and close.
Friends winding up their conversations
-- say their goodbyes...
Familiar paths greeting my steps in new ways!

CONSOLATION OF DREAMS

With God's noble dream
You'll conquer shame
Dream those bright dreams
Through the pain
When reckoning comes
You'll find your true place
In the human race

Behold the Light - upon a stick - Darkness glowers - but light does
prick

To do a new thing and leave the old
The wise are cautious, the wise are bold

The glamour of the desert
Shimmering and twinkling
The rippling mirage
The wistful wind
Shining sky
Sand radiating heat
The crystal surface ever the traveller

Gulls patrolling
Dolphins cutting cold water with their smiles
An ape hangs sprawled amidst a tree
A youth leaps to grasp a winter branch
An old man standing at the brightness of his window takes some
more tea
Through the dark winter trees the fresh grass-green park
A path lies uncoiled in the wood

Thunder in the air, a band marching past
Aloof yet prepared, rocking and rolling
The sweet chestnuts are charred
A crow steps about - the time is yet afar
But the timetable is being unveiled
Orders are being given, creativity still to transpire
Energy not yet invested, events yet to coalesce
The aether pulsating with purpose
Lights aglowing through the stern damp cold
The bellows are pumping, the cracks are showing
The tambourines are chiming, a new strong song adrift
As the vacuum is expanding, the dance is harnessing power
And the Anointed One steps swaying...
Amid the glory of descending and ascending vapours and
smoke...
Slowly His steps are turning about and about
The pace gathering becomes heavy
It is being consolidated

TESTIMONY

Every experience has a self-evident substance
It is purely its own witness

By such direct evidence there is a supreme God
Eventually greater experience of Him comes to all

The plan He delights in is to pay each fairly for their work and
suffering
This is how He attracts followers away from their denials
of the good truths we all encounter as direct experiences
in the thought and feeling of our souls